

headlights by twitterpated

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Adorable Dustin Henderson, Billy Hargrove Lives, Gay Will Byers, M/M, exploring an abandoned house gone wrong, prank, silly times, this is old

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Original Female Character(s), Original Male Character(s), Robin Buckley, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Original Male Character(s)

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Summary:

will and eric and the group go to the abandoned house lot in the forest for fun, but they get interrupted by some people in black cloaks.

headlights

Author's Note:

eric belongs to my friend!! jolie is my oc, she's a peach. this is also old!! pls be nice

It wasn't a smart idea.

But no one likes to listen to Will, clearly the smartest one out of all of them.

Will kept his body pressed to the deepest part of the corner, holding Eric there with him. It was quiet, he couldn't even hear Eric's breathing. The air was thick with tension and, frankly, he didn't exactly enjoy it. This was supposed to be a fun night, but nobody wanted to listen to his concerns about it all. Now, they were all scattered and absolutely screwed. Half the walkie-talkies are dead and, the other half of them, just decided to spit out static when it was convenient to the stupid little device.

"You're overreacting, It's going to be- mmph!" Will clapped a hand over Eric's mouth the moment he got too loud. He looked at Eric with clear desperation because there was no way anyone was getting out of this without getting injured. Will only let go of Eric's mouth when he settled down.

"I know that there are at least four other people in this fucking building with us right now that aren't our friends," Will hissed, eyes looking out into the darkness, trying to remain aware of everything that was going on. Will ignored how Eric watched him, too tense to really enjoy it. Eric set a hand on Will's back.

"Hey. It's going to be okay," Eric murmured.

"This is how the people in horror movies die, Eric. You all should have listened to me," he muttered bitterly, a sour look passing over his face. Why did no one listen to him anymore? He wasn't a scaredy pants, he actually had brains and knew how to use it, unlike

some testosterone-driven boys he knows.

Will ignored as Eric picked up the walkie-talkie in front of them and turned it on, turning the volume down low. Eric spoke quietly into it, trying to get one of his friends to reply.

"We read you loud and clear over here," Dustin's voice rang true through the device and Will let his shoulders sag in relief.

"Same here," Lucas said. "I have the other group with me."

"Me too!" Dustin exclaimed.

Will watched Eric pinch the bridge of his nose in irritation, and he snickered. How did that feel, huh? Dealing with a bunch of stupid boys? Pretty tiresome, wasn't it? Will, of course, didn't say any of that out loud, just in his head. It was always in his head.

"What's our exit strategy?" Eric murmured into the device.

"Our what?" The two boys, on completely separate walkie-talkies, said in unison.

Eric looked at Will with a face full of shock. "Oh my god, we're all gonna die."

Will snatched the walkie-talkie out of Eric's hand. "No we aren't," he grumbled while bringing the device closer to his face. "You two idiots and the rest of your group need to tell me where you are, and if you hear anyone that's not you guys around you," Will instructed firmly. The look Eric gave him made him blush, just slightly, before remembering what was all at stake here. Probably their lives, honestly.

Once Will received all necessary information, he relayed a plan back to each group and soon it was all set into motion. It was all a blur for Will, and he was sure Eric would tell you the same, but the speed that they ran out of the house was incredible. Unfortunately, they didn't get far.

The two of them met with the rest of the group at the back of the house, but when they were all met with blinding headlights they stopped. How the hell did they not hear a car show up onto an abandoned house lot? Will grabbed Eric's hand and squeezed hard. The quiet murmuring from his friends didn't help his anxieties because it made it clear to him that this wasn't a break done by them.

"Well, well, well! Look at what we have here," a booming male voice shot out from the darkness, and a tall figure cloaked in black stepped in front of the light.

"We're sorry sir- we didn't know this was your property. We'll be leaving now!" Dustin said and tried to take a step backwards until he bumped into someone and let out a squeal.

"No, I don't think you will be," the man sneered. There was, what seemed to be, an saw in his hand. Will felt his anxiety rise with each passing moment. Is this where they die?

Someone scared the other half of the line, everyone over there screaming and bumping into each other. It made Will nervous, what would they be getting into? There had to of been four people there in total, so where was the fourth person?

A tap on Will's shoulder had him slowly turning his head. "*Boo*," the woman crooned. Will shrieked and practically jumped onto Eric. It happened in seconds, but Eric shifted and there was a loud crack. It went dead silent.

"I fucking *told* you that you would get punched if you did that!" Another female voice rang out from the other side of the line. Will peeked out from Eric's chest, just in time to see the woman pull off her mask to reveal her bloody nose.

"What the *fuck*?!" Eric shouted. "*Jolie*?! What the- what the fuck is going on?!"